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# The Spirit of Western Ireland

by RODNEY GALLOP

To have been married for years to an Irish wife, yet not to know her country or to have shown my sons the land of their Irish ancestors: that was a state of affairs which clearly could not be allowed to continue indefinitely. So when the time came it was not allowed to slip by as yet another wasted opportunity. A family car-load was ferried across from Fishguard to Rosslare and we set out in search of the Spirit of Ireland.

We were not going to stay all the time in one place, nor had we mapped out a tour in the usual sense of the word. We had regretfully decided to omit some of the scenes of my wife's childhood, Dublin and Banagher, the place that everything proverbially beat, the home of the Bells, including that Currer Bell, wife of Arthur Bell Nicholls, who is better known as Charlotte Brontë. Our goal was the west and in particular Mayo, Connemara and Kerry. Here we should surely find the purest distillation of the Irish spirit, and, so the paintings of Paul Henry suggested, the purest Atlantic light and the wildest and most magnificent landscape. Nor were we disappointed.

The first day's drive drew a diagonal through the heart of Ireland from Rosslare to Clew Bay in County Mayo. It was a quiet, rolling country, as green as its name, with little traffic on the narrow, winding roads. England must have been very much like this before the industrial revolution. While we sat at supper in Westport my nine-year-old son asked me whether we were in Northern Ireland or Eire. Before I could answer, a man sitting at the next table replied with an assumption of severity which did not entirely disguise a twinkle: "You're in Ireland". And that was that. Our education was beginning.

The next day we came to the first of the centres we had chosen, the little white village of Keel in Achill Island facing south across Clew Bay to Clare Island and the holy mountain of Croagh Patrick. We were now in the O'Malley country. Over there in Clare Island, the most famous of the clan had lived, Granuaile or Grania O'Malley, the Irish Princess who once visited the court of Queen Elizabeth. I had recently been closely associated with Sir Owen O'Malley, our late Ambassador in Lisbon. There had been some misunderstanding over the rooms we had reserved in Keel, and we had to seek fresh accommodation. We found it in a small

boarding-house where we were made most comfortable. When we asked our host's name he replied: Owen O'Malley. So I had the amusement of sending Sir Owen O'Malley a postcard headed: c/o Owen O'Malley, Keel, Achill, Co. Mayo. Our host had heard of his more famous namesake and remarked without any semblance of envy that the branch of the family who had moved to England seemed to have done well for themselves. He himself had spent ten years as a tram-driver in New York. At the end of it he had returned to Keel, to the currachs and the lobster pots. In the short summer season guests like ourselves brought echoes of the wide world outside, but during the rest of the year Keel was much as it had always been. He neither regretted New York nor yet disparaged it. His philosophy of life was simple and admirably balanced.

To Owen O'Malley, strange as it might seem, New York was nearer than London, and this is true of many Irish people, especially those in the west. Although many of them have been to England either as seasonal workers or in the armed forces, it is a simpler, even if physically longer, journey to the New World. Transatlantic liners anchor off Galway to take on board those who seek escape from Ireland's limitations in the new life and hope of America.

This nearness of America was brought physically home to me when I climbed Croghaun, one of Achill's two steep, turf-clad mountains. Here, at the summit, one is poised between sea and sky. Instinctively, I turned my back on the mountain ranges receding in the east into the mist of past Anglo-Irish discontents. At my feet, to the west, the ground fell away in abrupt precipices to the cliffs of Achill Head and the surging ocean. The distant expanse was broken by one single rocky skerry, Karriekakin. Beyond, as near or as far as the mind made it, was America.

The view from Croghaun reminded me of a phrase from Fiona Macleod's poetic drama "The Immortal Hour", "where the last tangled edge slopes down to the abyss". As we explored the island, it was borne in on me that I knew this country already, if not at first hand, then with the eyes of the mind through the Celtic poets and playwrights. These stretches of bog and mountain, these lonely beaches, these women and girls in





photographs by the author

*In her shawl and homespun petticoat an old woman of Achill Sound adds to "the pile of turf against the wall". She has her "little house" but must work to make "the seed of the fire flicker and glow"*

shawls and homespun skirts, these panniered donkeys treading the stony paths with loads of peat or fairings from the nearest village, were they not the backcloth and the chorus of Synge or Yeats? On Achill Sound, where the island looks across the narrows to the Curraun Peninsula, we saw an old woman outside her hut, piling up the lumps of peat against the cold of winter. Her hut was small, and only the largest of the rough stones were white-washed, but she had realized the dream of Padraic Colum's "Old Woman of the Roads":

Oh, to have a little house!  
To own the hearth and stool and all!  
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,  
The pile of turf against the wall

And I am praying to God on high,  
And I am praying Him night and day,  
For a little house, a house of my own—  
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

If ever this old woman in her shawl and red homespun skirt had prayed like this, her prayer had been answered. Yeats painted

her life in "The Song of the Old Mother":

I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow  
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow;  
And then I must scrub and bake and sweep  
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;  
And the young lie long and dream in their bed

While I must work because I am old,  
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

Achill, with its great winds from the west, its mountain and cliff and sea, blew the London cobwebs from our minds in a few days and laid the foundations of my Irish education. Presently we moved south to Connemara.

In Achill the sea was so all-pervasive that it seemed the very centre of things, but in County Galway it seemed somehow more peripheral. True, the ocean dominated the seaweed-covered rocks in the low-lying tangle of inlet and archipelago south and east of Roundstone, a blue-and-grey landscape admirably realized in the paintings of Letitia Hamilton. The tide ran strongly, too, past



Renvyle and up Killary Harbour under the blue shadows of Mweelrea and Bengorm. As protagonist, however, the mountains had displaced the sea from the centre of the stage, and the true heart of this country was the Twelve Pins (or Bens) and Joyce's Country where the Mamturk Mountains look down on curlew-haunted bogs and little nameless lakes.

We stayed at Kylemore Abbey. Far from shutting itself off from the world, the convent discharges a practical task by running a Girls' School and a Guest House. The pupils were on holiday, but the guests were at their peak. A nice balance was struck by a notice which, after saying that ladies in shorts could not be admitted, added that tickets for the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake could be obtained from the Mother Superior. In Ireland religion does not disdain the daily round and common task but permeates and sanctifies them.

Clifden Races afforded a glimpse into another side of Ireland, the sporting, horsy aspect in which Celt and Anglo-Saxon meet, oblivious for once of their differences. In the big race I backed the winner only to find that I had not won but lost my stake by failing also to forecast the second horse correctly, a truly disconcerting paradox.

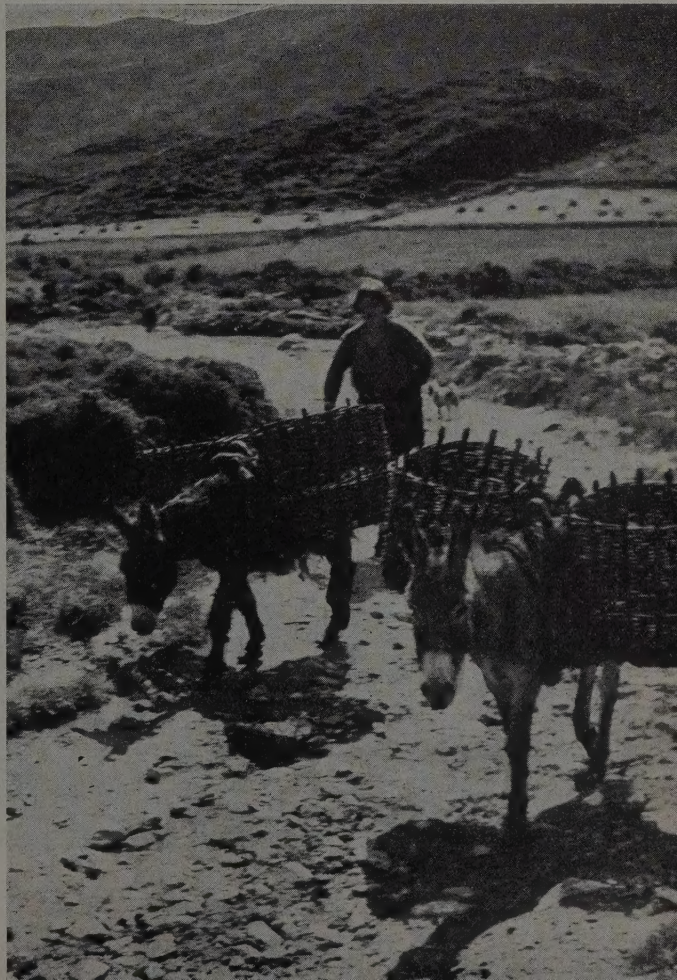
From Connemara we turned southwards again. In Galway town the famous Claddagh quarter had sacrificed much of its picturesque to housing reform. Too high a price could, I reflected, be paid for old-world charm, and thatched cabins together with many other things which gave the west much of its character must be lost with changing times. But this would not matter so long as the core remained sound.

In Clare and Limerick we had to resist the temptation to turn aside to the Cliffs of Moher, and we could only catch a flying glimpse of the Abbey at Ennis and the castle and bridge of Bunratty. We had to keep moving like the tinkers whom we met at Killorglin cross-roads. Although their caravans were in the classical Romany style, their fair hair and blue eyes proclaimed them to be no gypsies but nomads of native stock. Their choice of roads was open also to us, diverging to the loveliest corners of Kerry. Our choice fell on Caragh Lake.

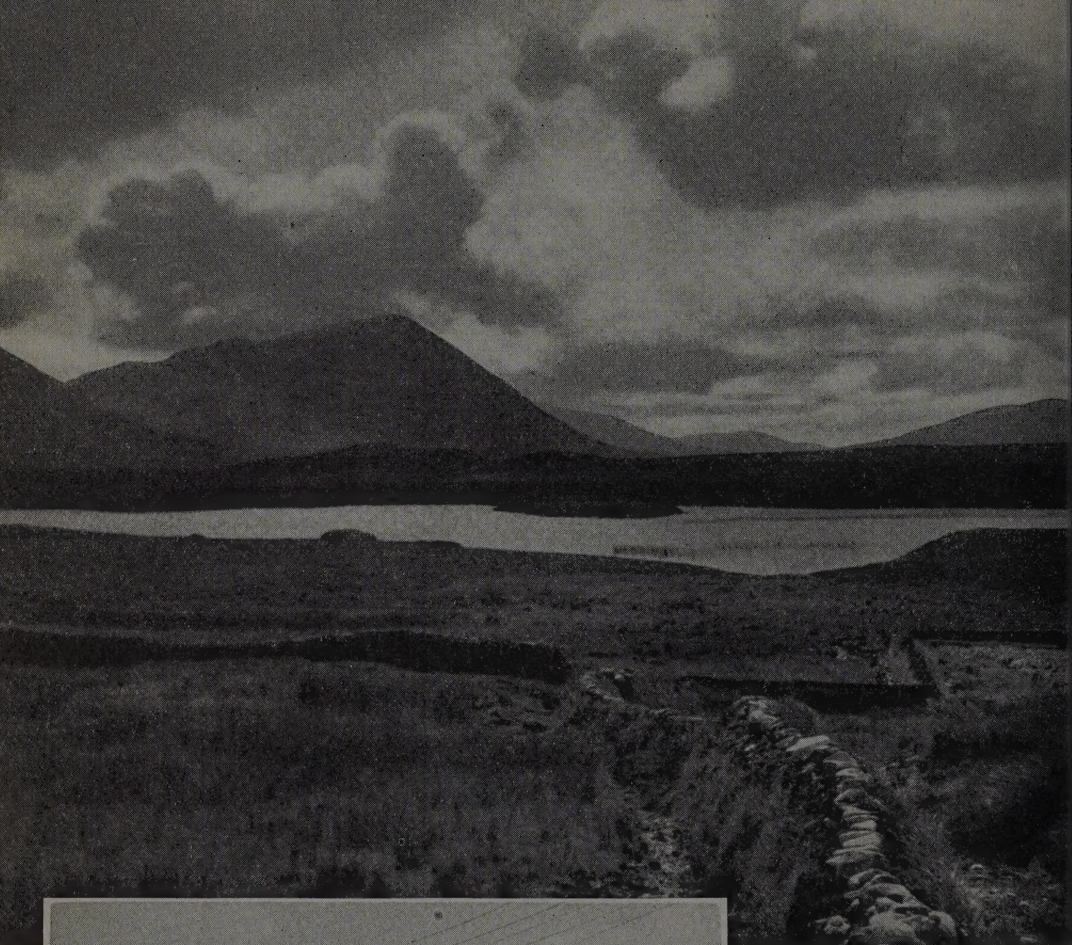
Caragh commands a wilder prospect than the more famous Killarney. From its thatched cabins the eye travels over rolling hills to Ireland's highest peak, Carrantuohill (pronounced Carntoul) in the Macgillicuddy's Reeks. The Reeks have given their name to one of Ireland's most picturesque titles, the Macgillicuddy of the Reeks, of whom a Kerryman once said that "he danced like a red deer upon the mountains".

With Killarney Caragh shares the warm, damp climate which nourishes the fuchsia hedges, the palms of Glengarriff and the whole sub-tropical flora of Kerry. We possess the album in which Charlotte Brontë pressed the ferns and leaves she gathered on her Killarney honeymoon; and we took no less delight in the living flowers of Roland Bryce's wonderful garden at Ilnacullen. This muggy, enervating air can scarcely have failed to influence the Irish temperament. In this

*Panniered donkeys tread the stony paths and bogs of Kerry bearing loads of peat or fairings from the nearest village*







*At Killorglin crossroads the tinkers encamp with their caravans (left). They are free to take any of the divergent roads marked on the signpost; to strike south to Killarney or west to Glencar or Caherciveen. Their vagabond life carries them to every corner of Ireland, even to such wild and remote parts as Joyce's Country (above), where the Mamturk Mountains look down on curlew-haunted bogs and little nameless lakes*





Western Ireland owes a great deal of its charm and character to its thatched and whitewashed cabins (right). One day, however, housing reform will reach even the tiny hamlet at the western end of Caragh Lake (above). In the top left-hand corner are the Macgillicuddy's Reeks, which have given Ireland one of its most famous titles. The middle of the three peaks is Carrantuohill (3414 feet), Ireland's highest mountain

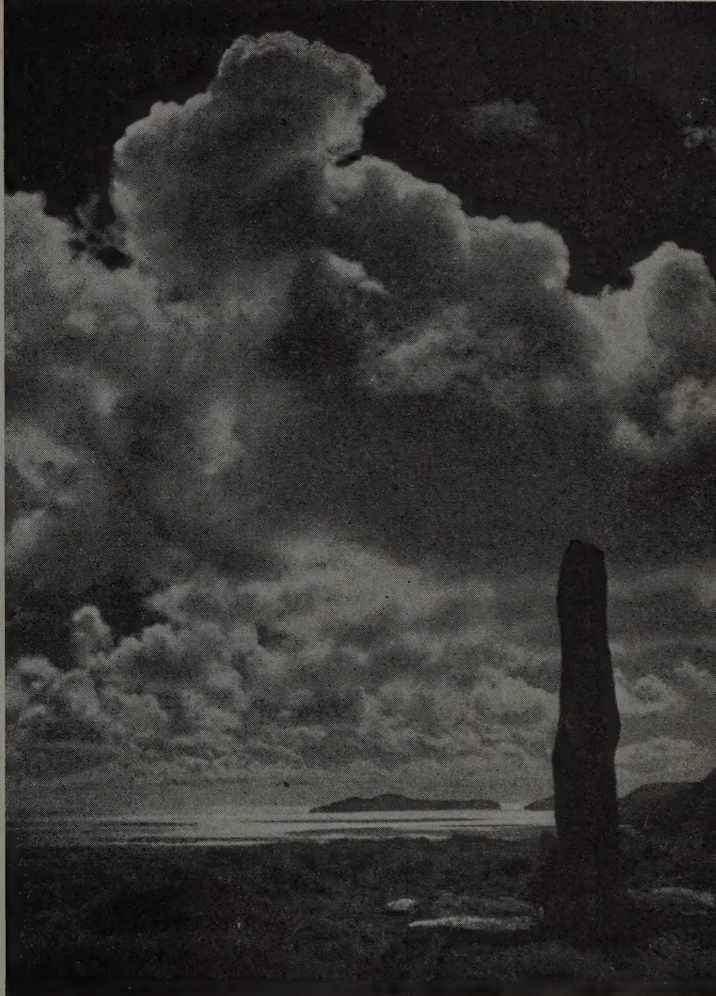








Ogham stones and round towers have long provided Irish archaeology with its most fascinating mysteries and passionate controversies. Grandly situated, one of the ogham stones (right) crowns Sleat Head on the Dingle Peninsula opposite the Blasket Islands. The ogham script dates from pagan and early Christian times and consists of lines and notches. The round towers, later in date, combined the functions of stronghold and belfry. One of the finest is that of Ardmore (opposite), which serves as campanile to the cathedral with its Romanesque arcading depicting, among other things, Adam and Eve and the Tree of Knowledge



respect Ireland has protected England for, as Professor Macalister has pointed out, if Ireland were to vanish overnight, the full impact of the Gulf Stream would fall on our western shores with all its softening, relaxing influence.

While we were still in Connemara a countryman to whom we had given a lift gravely thanked us with the words, "May good fortune be with you in all the ways you go". In Kerry, the beauty and the humour of the Irish mode of expression seemed to reach their peak. A landmark was described as lying "the black of your nail *wesht* of the red lake". A young man sat down beside my father-in-law while he was fishing, and said: "Will I tell ye the story of Brian Boru and the ford at Killaloe?"; which he proceeded forthwith to do. In Connemara, again, we saw a four-year-old boy dressed in skirts, perpetuating the tradition that the fairies carry little boys away and must be tricked into

mistaking them for little girls. But it was, if I am right, in Kerry that a tiny shoe was found still warm on the hillside, too small for any human foot, yet bearing unmistakable signs to the expert eye of having been worn.

To the Dingle Peninsula we went seeking the founthead of spoken Erse. Here, in the Blasket Islands and the villages of the mainland, the old Irish tongue is spoken traditionally without need of neologisms or revival. At Dunquin, where the curraghs lay keel upwards like prehistoric coracles, a woman spoke to us in Irish. She was not surprised that neither my wife nor I could answer, but puzzled that our children knew no more than their parents. For the children of Ireland today not only learn Irish in the schools but from the start must learn all their other lessons in Irish. An inspector of schools thought this was going too far. This generation, she said, would be two years behind in





*Upturned curraghs drying on the shore of Achill Island. Like beehive huts, curraghs mark the continuity of human history in Western Ireland from the dawn of civilization to the present day*

their education through the extra strain.

In Kerry we went back to Ireland's architectural as well as to its linguistic past. At Fahan in the Dingle Peninsula excavation has laid bare prehistoric beehive huts. Only a few miles away stand modern huts of exactly similar construction. Further on, at Sleah Head, stands a striking *ogham* stone. These standing stones, not unlike our own sarsen stones, bear hieroglyphic lines and notches dating as far back as the earliest days of Irish Christianity, and probably further. We had not so far seen one of the strange Round Towers but eventually found one on our return journey at Ardmore on the other side of Cork. Playing the dual part of stronghold and belfry, it stands like a lonely sentinel over the ruined cathedral with its ancient Romanesque arcading.

Leaving Ireland, I felt enriched in experience and understanding. I saw the Irish no longer just as a branch of the Celtic race or as a more or less (rather less than more) satisfactory kind of Britons, but as a friendly and hospitable foreign nation to be met on equal

terms and perceived and interpreted as such. The western landscape, the sea, the sky, the mountains and, above all, the light, were the source where the spirit of Ireland had been born and whence it still drew its sustenance. Here were the springs of language, of faith, of poetry and of daily life. Ireland's history was here displayed as a continuous whole from the dim days of legend, through the age of saints and scholars and the Cromwellian conflict down to the "troubled times" and the present day. On the crucial question of partition I could form no personal opinion. It had clearly been going against the current to try to forge Englishmen out of Irishmen. But I had not been to Ulster nor heard for myself the defiant drumming of the Orangemen at Londonderry. I felt dimly that Eire could not fairly refuse to Northern Ireland that self-determination which she so insistently claimed from the United Kingdom. I could only hope that Great Britain, Eire and Northern Ireland would bring goodwill to their search for a solution and would none of them be content to remain the prisoners of an unhappy past.





# Costumes in Czechoslovakia

Notes and Photographs by F. LION

*The peasants of Czechoslovakia still preserve their centuries-old customs, their traditional folk songs and dances, and on Sundays and holidays groups of them may be seen in their gaily-coloured native costumes in all the villages and small towns. Each district has its characteristic features which the conservatism of local inhabitants has maintained unchanged; these traditions are being fostered by various ethnographic societies, under whose patronage annual festivals are held on the 5th and 6th of July in the small Moravian towns of Stražnice and Hodonin, attracting peasants and guests from all parts of the Republic. Sculptors, painters and writers attend to watch and study the hand-embroidered, starched and frilled costumes, thus gathering new ideas for their work. The publicity given by both press and films to the many competitions, folk dances, symbolic fighting, old tunes and musical instruments fosters widespread interest amongst the city-dwellers, who have somewhat grown apart. (Above) A procession of young folk from Uherské Hradiště, a Moravian town*





(Above) Czechoslovak dancers from Kiev, Southern Moravia, in the costume which is normally worn only at harvest festivals. (Left) A Moravian peasant girl wearing the richly embroidered costume peculiar to the district of Blatná; the starched, rounded sleeves of her white blouse and the kerchief on her head signify that she is married.



*In many parts of Czechoslovakia peasant weddings provide an occasion for festivities producing a wealth of colour and pageantry, singing and dancing. In bright sunshine the vivid reds, blues, golds and greens of the costumes and the flower-bedecked hair of the young girls combine to create an impression of gaiety which cannot fail—*



*—to capture the imagination of onlookers. The bride at the centre (above) lives in the Moravian district of Haná, where her type of embroidered blouse and frilly collar are traditional. The elaborate floral crown is worn only by brides, while the attendant bridesmaids wear more simple wreaths. (Left) A closer view of the same charming bride*





Colour photographs by Julian Husley

# A Comparison of Castles

## II. Château Gaillard

*Château Gaillard differs in several particulars from the castle (Ludlow) previously illustrated in this series. It was built by Richard I of England to protect his Norman frontier against attack by the powerful French monarch, Philip Augustus. Exclusively military in character and one of the most powerful fortresses of its day, it was almost entirely constructed within three years, from 1196 to '98. During the preceding century improvements in methods of attack had resulted in a parallel advance of defensive technique, which was assisted by experience gained in the Crusades. So great was the danger from fire, sapping, mining and heavy projectiles catapulted from various machines that the use of timber for defensive purposes was generally*

*abandoned towards the end of the 12th century.*

*Château Gaillard stands at the head of a steep and narrow north-pointing promontory with the River Seine almost 300 feet below. The primary consideration in building the castle was the safety of its centre of resistance, the donjon or keep. This was cylindrical in shape, the western half of its circumference projecting upon the very edge of the precipice. The eastern half, covered by a solid stone spur to deflect attack, points like the prow of a mighty ship into the inner bailey, a roughly oval enclosure with a curtain wall (joining the north and south sides of the keep) of great strength and originality, nearly all of its outer face being composed of a series of intersecting semi-circles.*



The exterior of the keep has also an interesting appearance, for it was one of the earliest in Western Europe to be provided with stone machicolations (an important advance on inflammable timber galleries) to facilitate the dropping of missiles on an assaulting enemy. These were at the parapet level—now missing—of a series of buttresses rising up the face of the keep lying within the inner bailey. The buttresses may be clearly seen in the view shown opposite, as well as in the background of the view of the castle below, taken from the south.

The inner bailey, with its keep and various domestic buildings, was practically surrounded by a ditch and occupied most of the north end of a larger middle bailey, also surrounded by a strong curtain wall flanked by towers (of which only part remains) and protected by a ditch twenty feet deep. Beyond this again was an outer bailey roughly triangular in shape, with five flanking towers, and surrounded by a ditch, its purpose

being to protect the only side where the castle was open to attack; that is, the south-east, towards which was pointed the apex of this bailey, guarded by a massive drum tower, seen below in the foreground.

It is indeed strange that within a very few years of its completion Château Gaillard, held for King John by Roger de Lacy, should have been attacked and, despite its numerous defences, captured by the forces of Philip Augustus. We are fortunate in having detailed and vivid accounts, in the prose and verse of Guillaume-le-Breton, of the manner in which the French force laid siege to the castle early in 1203, succeeded in filling up the ditch and breaching the southern defences in the following year, subsequently gaining entry to the middle bailey through a chapel window, undermining the walls of the inner bailey and finally overpowering the garrison. So fell Richard's proud castle, and so was sealed the fate of Normandy.





# Turkey since Atatürk

by LOVETT F. EDWARDS



All Kodachromes by C. J. Ware from Keystone Press

*Turkish girl aviators: symbolic of the emancipation of women resulting from Atatürk's revolution*

AMONGST the revolutions of south-east Europe, the most successful has been the work of Kemal Atatürk in Turkey. For the success of a revolution is to be gauged not merely by economic or military progress, but also by the advancement and personal well-being of the individuals who make up a nation. It was the work of one man—Mustafa Kemal, later known as Kamal Atatürk, “Father of the Turks”.

It is today scarcely necessary to enlarge on his achievement. From an old-fashioned and corrupt system of semi-theocratic government, which had rightly earned for the Ottoman Empire the title of “Sick Man of the Balkans”, he created a modern totalitarian centralized government and a smaller, but more com-

pact and intensely national state. With an exhausted and disheartened people, signally defeated in World War I, he plucked victory out of the fires of defeat and prevented the partition of his country and perhaps the total disappearance of his people as a factor in world history. He completely transformed the habits and ways of thought of a people hitherto living in the Middle Ages. Above all, he freed them from the centuries-old servitude of a complicated script comprehensible only to the highly educated few and made education and enlightenment available to the masses.

The greater part of this enormous achievement remains today. Despite their intense patriotism, there are few Turks who would





(Left) The revolution continues, but against a background in which old customs die hard. In rural areas of central and western Anatolia, for example, peasant women have to expend endless hours of drudgery in the rice fields. This work involves planting the young rice-shoots in the inundated fields by hand

(Right) Sartorial changes introduced by Kamal Atatürk are not yet complete, as is shown by the clothing worn at an Ankara market, to which peasants come from afar. The men's dress has been more or less Westernized but not so that of the women from small towns and villages; they still wear their traditional costumes







*Modernization does not mean a break with the Turkish past. These student policemen view their job in the light of its history, represented by waxworks including (left) the Chief of Police of the Army and (next) the Navy in 1515; and a Chief of the Sultan's Palace Guard in 1700 (with turban)*



claim that the transformation has been complete. There has been a certain natural reaction to traditional ways of thought and life, especially in the undue secretiveness and bureaucracy of government, but this reaction has been kept strictly within bounds. On the other hand, there has been a considerable advance, both technically and spiritually, along the main lines laid down by Atatürk. And it has been well said that it is not in the beginning, but in the continuance unto fulfilment that lies the true glory.

This advance has been most noticeable politically during the past few years, especially since World War II. This is the more remarkable, since Turkey is still living almost on a war footing. The Eastern and European vilayets are still technically in a state of siege, while more than half the budget is devoted to the upkeep of an army mounting guard along the frontiers of these provinces. The state of siege in the city of Istanbul was lifted on Christmas Eve, 1947, after having been more than seven years in force. Turkey today is living under a continual menace, than which there is little more trying to the nerves.

Kamal Atatürk lived in a period of extreme stress and worked with backward and recalcitrant material. He therefore built up a state system based on almost absolute authority, wherein the head of the state was also the head of the only political party permitted to exist—the People's Republican Party. His methods were often extremely violent and he was ruthless in suppressing his enemies and any movement contrary to the principles of the revolution, at a time when such measures were less commonplace than they are today. In fact, he canalized the conservative tendencies of his people into new channels and rendered them, in the end, as fanatical in defence of their revolutionary principles as they had, at first, been reluctant to adopt them.

But there is every reason to believe that Atatürk did not desire the continuance of the autocratic totalitarianism that he had built up. In fact, he himself tried the experiment of creating an opposition to his own party. Naturally enough, an artificially created opposition was not very satisfactory. But it was only after finding, in practice, that the time was not ripe for a democratic two-party system among a people almost totally unfamiliar with this method of government, that he crushed the opposition he had himself created, in July 1926. The experiment had led to violent scenes in the Grand National Assembly, riots throughout the countryside and a revolt of the Kurds. It is also probable that one of the aims of the

opposition at that time was the assassination of Atatürk himself. At least, plots against his life were discovered. Turkey returned, for nearly two decades, to a one-party government.

#### A NEW SAFETY-VALVE

After Kamal's death, the position of chief of the state fell to his intimate friend and assistant, İsmet İnönü, now President of the Republic. While Atatürk built up a totalitarian state out of a successful revolution, İsmet İnönü has chosen the almost equally difficult task of retreating from a dictatorship and creating a democratic state along Western lines, a solution which will undoubtedly meet with the approval of the majority of Turks, who are egalitarian by tradition and temperament.

The initial steps of this considerable revolution have taken place almost unnoticed during the past few months. The first move was the creation, less than two years ago, of an opposition party, the democrats, under able and experienced leadership. Holding similar views on foreign policy, the new party sharply criticized the internal policy of the People's Republican Party which, it said, had held office too long and was becoming too much a closed preserve. It was, in fact, a much needed safety-valve for public opinion and expressed its views fully in speeches and a section of the Turkish press, which is a great deal freer in expression than is generally recognized in the outside world.

The next move was the inclusion of opposition deputies in official delegations, both at home and abroad. The Turkish parliamentary delegation which recently visited London included two opposition deputies, while others were, and still are, being invited to accompany the President of the Republic on his tours throughout Turkey. The President who, it must be remembered, was in addition titular leader of the People's Republican Party, also held several important conferences with the democrat opposition leader, Celal Bayar.

Internal dissensions between the two parties, however, became more and more violent and the language used was reminiscent of the quarrels between Central European political parties differing strongly on ideological principles, which is not the case in Turkey. One side called the other "revolutionaries" and were answered with the taunt of "reactionaries". Tempers were high.

At this stage President İnönü, on July 12 last year, made a most remarkable speech to which, in the press of world events, insufficient attention has been paid. He stated that the



position of President of the Republic should henceforth be above party and that he had examined the mutual accusations of both parties and found them both greatly exaggerated. He also told civil servants that they should serve state interests irrespective of party affiliations, an admonition that was becoming very necessary.

Various political movements in the Grand National Assembly, into which it is not necessary to go in detail, then led to the formation of a new government under the former foreign minister, Hasan Saka. This government, though formed, like its predecessor, from the People's Republican Party—which has a great parliamentary majority—is considered more liberal and, especially, more actively concerned with such everyday problems as the control of the rising cost of living, which interest the average Turk in the small towns and villages far more than ideological dialectics. The party struggle, of course, continues, but political passions have greatly calmed down and the contest is no longer so embittered.

Indeed, it seems as if Turkey, alone amongst the states of south-east Europe and the Near East, will achieve a reasonable and working democracy which, owing to the fact

that the two parties scarcely differ in general principles and not at all on foreign policy, will probably be closer to the American than the British model.

#### THE TURK AND THE FOREIGNER

What effect has the rapid development of his country had on the average Turk and on his relations with the foreign world? It is a difficult question to answer, as the average Turk is reserved and talks little. The outward signs of the transformation are clear enough. Western dress is almost universal, women have at least nominal equality and, among the more educated, practical equality. The graceful and complicated Arabic script is now only used by a few of the older men as a convenient form of shorthand.

The villager remains simple, hospitable and little interested in politics, save in cases of petty local tyranny, when he often reacts violently. He is profoundly national in feeling and inclined to be somewhat suspicious of the foreigner. He has a considerable respect for education and official position, but little or none for class distinction which, in fact, scarcely exists in Turkey.

The educated townsman is gracious, quiet





and unobtrusively friendly. The somewhat noisy volubility of Istanbul is due to its mixed population and is not particularly representative of Turkey. The outward forms as well as the inner spirit of Western culture are much respected; even in distant frontier cities you will find officials and leading men of the town appear in evening dress for formal functions and keep a formal code of manners that we, today, are apt to consider rather Victorian.

Save in Istanbul, amusements are few and conversations apt to be laboured and serious. It is hard for a Westerner to derive much amusement from an evening of coffee-drinking or sucking at a *narghileh* in a provincial café. But in one town at least, where American instructors are now at work, the local inhabitants have tried to meet the spirit of the age and of their great allies. Beer is prominently advertised, while home-grown varieties of Disney characters decorate the walls. As you enter, you see before you a sinister greeting in English, written like Belshazzar's warning in letters of fire: "Enjoy yourself! It is later than you think!"

The suspicion of the foreigner is partly a heritage of recent history and was encouraged in the early days of the revolution as a spur to national feeling. It must be admitted that the Turks have fairly good reason for it. Outside interference has rarely meant anything good to Turkey and the days of the Ottoman 'capitulations' when foreigners had, and often misused, a privileged position have not been forgotten, especially by the official class who govern the country. Today, though there is a certain tendency to modify this feeling, the foreign traveller or investor is given no privilege or advantage denied to the Turk. (On the other hand, it must be pointed out that the present level of Turkish justice is strict, but impartial, which was not the case in the days of the Sultans; whence the introduction, and even the necessity, of the 'capitulations'.)

In everyday life, this suspicion mostly means a disinclination on the part of minor officials, even those who deal directly with foreigners, such as police, licensed porters,



Keystone Press

*Though one party has always been in power, the Turkish Parliament is no mere 'rubber-stamp' collection. Deputies seen here include its youngest woman member, who represents Ankara*

post-office employees or customs officials, to speak anything but Turkish, and a great sensitiveness to anything that could be regarded as critical of Turkish life or manners. The same feeling is evident in other countries with a recent revolutionary past, for example, Spain or Soviet Russia, to take two extremes.

#### PROGRESS BLENDS WITH THE PAST

The actual mechanical results of the Atatürk revolution are probably less evident to the foreigner, as they largely consist in providing for Turkey a standard of civilization which we are inclined to take for granted in the West. But we must not forget that the large and modern factories, mines and public





Keystone Press

*"Modern Ankara is a triumph of vision and will-power over physical difficulties." The architecture of such recent buildings as the Agricultural College, in which students learn the latest scientific practice, shows how the Turks have drawn upon the resources of the Western world in planning the development of their new capital*

cosmopolitan squalor of Galata or the rather ordinary urban development of Pera (Beyoglu). The fact that Ottoman life and culture was inefficient for modern times does not deprive it of grandeur, beauty and a certain nostalgic charm which has been preserved by many writers, notably Pierre Loti.

To see modern Turkey at its peak of development one must visit Ankara. In the early 'twenties a somewhat down-at-heels and unattractive Anatolian town, redeemed from complete insignificance by its citadel and the ruins of the great Temple of Augustus, Ankara was chosen as the new capital because of its position in the very centre of Anatolia and because its austerity among those bleak uplands kept state officials well away not only from the corruption and temptations,

buildings, the extensive but still unfinished network of railways and steamship services, in fact, practically all the modern machinery of production and distribution of which we are scarcely aware is, in Turkey, very largely the product of the last twenty-five years.

The average traveller will probably be more impressed to find that Turkey has a network of internal air services more extensive and efficient than most European states. To enter the Antalya tourist bureau in Ankara and see notices of regular air services to such ancient and out-of-the-way cities as Van, Bitlis, Diyarbekir or Erzurum, brings modern Turkey more effectively to mind than pages of statistics.

Istanbul is an ancient imperial city and, quite frankly, the relics of its onetime glories are far more impressive and beautiful than the

but also the traditions of Imperial Stamboul. Today many Turks with a long record of state service will talk about the birth-pangs of the new capital—shortage of housing, too little water, too many bugs, when work was only made tolerable by intense patriotic feeling. Modern Ankara is, indeed, a triumph of vision and will-power over physical difficulties. Despite the greater beauty, the attractions and the obviously great commercial importance of Istanbul, it is very unlikely that it will ever again become the capital.

Foreign town-planning experts and engineers, mostly Austrian, were called in to create modern Ankara (the accent, contrary to the usual rule in Turkish, is on the first syllable), owing to the shortage of qualified Turkish technicians. Even today, the city has a

certain Teutonic flavour. But it is, in many respects, typical of what a modern city should be. In the heart of the Anatolian wastes, where a tree is almost rarer than a man, it is a centre of greenery, with huge parks, some still unfinished, wide tree-bordered avenues and comfortable modern flats and villas.

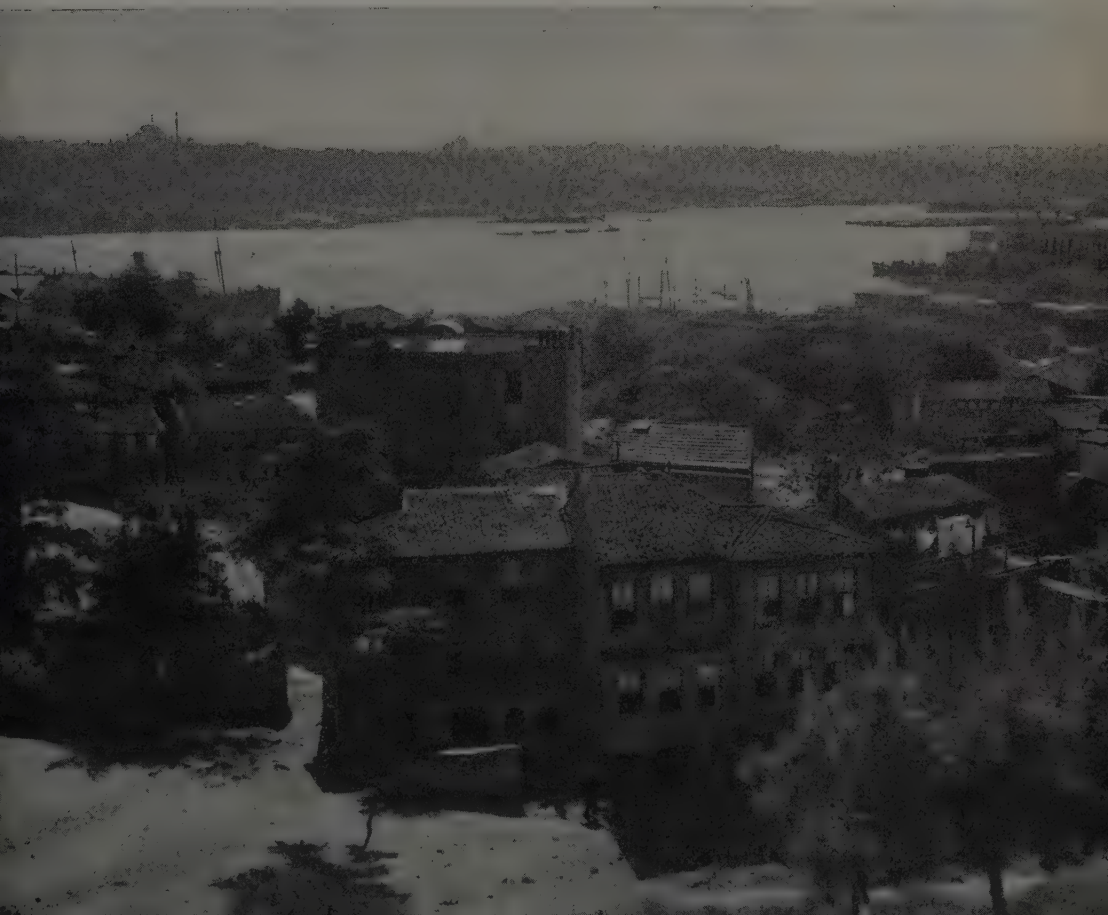
Nor is the transformation complete even today. The new Opera House, which was a mere scaffolding when I left Turkey last June, had taken shape and form when I returned in October. A huge new building for the Grand National Assembly is progressing more slowly, while garden city sites for the state employees who make up the élite of the population continue to be developed. Ancient Ankara still exists, like a museum piece, just outside the limits of the modern city and, being built on the crest of the hill, the ancient citadel is and will remain one of the most striking features of the town.

In fact, amid all this modernity, the remains of Ankara's more than two thousand years of history pleasantly mellow an impression which, without them, would seem a trifle raw. Before the Prime Minister's office still stands a most magnificent Byzantine column, on the top of which is one of the largest and most populous of the many storks' nests of the capital. When, on days of fête, the city is brilliantly lit up with strings of coloured lights, its inhabitants clatter their beaks embarrassedly and wonder what has happened to the normal succession of dawn, daylight and darkness.

After Ankara, it is well worth visiting one of the ancient cities of Turkey, such as Bursa or Trabzon, where modernity has been less assertive and the outward appearance takes one back, at a glance, into Byzantine or early Ottoman times. Here the transformation has been less in outer show than in the hearts and dispositions of men. Modernity and the mechanical progress of civilization are more

*With Ankara's clean brightness may be contrasted the squalor of Istanbul's poorer quarters; above the Golden Horn, however, the mosques and minarets of the ancient city still reflect past glories*

Keystone Press







[Camera Press

*High on his pedestal overlooking the Anatolian plateau, Atatürk surveys in effigy the city which he inspired. Ankara, by its rapid but systematic growth, from a population of 74,553 in 1927 to one of 227,505 in 1945, and its continuing physical transformation, has amply justified his faith*

strikingly evident in some of the recently developed industrial towns, such as Zonguldak.

Sometimes this blend of old and new takes curious forms. Much of the popular wit and wisdom of the people was, and is, displayed in an endless series of anecdotes attributed to the old Moslem priest, Nasreddin Hodja, who lived in the city of Akşehir about two centuries ago. He is the eternal type of the butt who none the less wins every contest of wits by his simple shrewdness. Despite the years that have passed since his death, anecdotes are still told in his name and are often coupled with the most modern political developments. One such was going the round of the provinces about a month ago, following an American press report, unconfirmed, that a Soviet experimental atomic bomb plant had exploded, due to some carelessness or inefficiency in the processing. Turkish popular comment took the form of a Nasreddin Hodja story:—

One day, say the story-tellers, the old Hodja was travelling through the passes of the Taurus with his donkey. After much toil,

they mounted to the top of a pass overlooking a stony valley several thousand feet below. The donkey slipped and fell, very gracefully, to the river bed where it broke in a squashy mess on the rocks far below. "Yes," remarked Nasreddin, "if a donkey must learn how to fly, it must also learn how to land."

#### A HOMOGENEOUS PEOPLE

The minority question was always a very delicate one in the history of the Ottoman Empire, whose treatment of its minorities was often and justifiably criticized. The modern Turkish state is completely different. It is racially and linguistically predominantly Turkish, a fact not always evident to those who know only cosmopolitan Istanbul. The only large minority in modern Turkey is the Kurdish, numbering (1927) about 1,185,000. This warrior Moslem race of strongly feudal loyalties has frequently caused trouble to the Turkish state. Together with the Kurds of Syria, Iraq and Iran, they number about 3,500,000, and have twice rebelled against the Republic. As I write (October 1947)



(Above) *The harbour of Zonguldak, recently developed Black Sea port where over a million tons of coal were mined in 1945. Turkish coal exports climbed from a wartime nil through 18 tons in 1945 to 176,856 in 1946.*  
(Below) *Tobacco production is an important factor in Turkey's economy, yielding nearly 70,000 tons in 1945*





there are rumours of small-scale risings on the Syrian frontier. Many of the Kurds are still nomadic, living on a tribal system, and even if some enthusiast should arise for a Kurdish state he would find it hard to define its frontiers or determine its organization. Their main centres in Turkey are Diyarbakir, Malatya, Elaziz, Mardin, Urfa, Siirt and Bitlis.

However, taken either racially or linguistically, nearly 90 per cent of the people of Turkey today are Turks. In fact, Turkey is now one of the most homogeneous of modern states. Extensive immigration was encouraged in the 'thirties but almost exclusively from Balkan groups of Turkish origin, in order to compensate for the gaps left by withdrawing Armenians and Greeks. Among the most interesting of these immigrations was that of the "gagaouzes", partly Christian, partly Moslem Turks from south Bessarabia, Dobruja and Deli Orman. Their curious name is probably a corruption of *Gök Oğuz*, an ancient Turkish tribal name; and their language is a purer Turkish than that of the Turks themselves, since it is almost free from Arabic and Persian influences.

At the time of writing, the Turkish Government has agreed to settle a few hundred Moslem displaced persons from the European camps, at the request of the International Refugee Organization, a move which, for some inexplicable reason, has led to sharp diplomatic exchanges of notes with Soviet Russia and Yugoslavia.

Post-Atatürk Turkey is, therefore, a compact national Turkish, state which is now successfully coping with the difficult task of normalizing a revolution and slowly disintegrating a dictatorship in order to reach a democratic solution. The process is admittedly slow and the reason is not hard to find. Though proud in the consciousness of her achievements, Turkey must still remain for many years a comparatively weak and backward state compared with the vast resources and limitless population of her great neighbour, the U.S.S.R. At the beginning of the Atatürk revolution, the Soviet Union was the only friend Turkey possessed. In the Treaties of Moscow and Kars (both 1921), the Soviet Government confirmed Turkish rights to the eastern vilayets and the highly complicated problem of the eastern frontiers appeared to have been solved. Occupied with her internal troubles, the U.S.S.R. also accepted the Turkish control of the Straits with the special facilities granted her, which were confirmed at Montreux (1936).

Recently, however, Turco-Soviet relations

have progressively declined and today it is the pressure of Russia on just these two points, together with various attempts to form a Communist revolutionary party within Turkey herself, that dominates Turkish external and, to some extent, internal policy. It is this threat that has slowed up the industrial development of the country and has postponed the introduction of further economic and social reforms, since the monies needed for them have had to be used in keeping a disproportionately large army in watchfulness on the frontiers, believed to number 600,000. The same cause has prolonged the state of siege in the eastern and western vilayets, including Istanbul; and it is the military rather than the industrial situation (though the two are correlated) that has induced the Turkish Government to seek and accept the American aid programme.

The Turkish viewpoint is being put, as I write this article, very clearly indeed to the American military leaders by General Salih Omurtak, Turkish Chief of Staff, during his visit to Washington (October 1947). "With or without the aid of the United States, Turkey is ready to withstand any attack, as she was during the war. What matters to us is not the amount of American aid, but the fact that the United States is ready to come to our assistance."

#### RUSSIAN PRESSURE IN THE EAST

In recent numbers of this Magazine, my namesake, Mr A. C. Edwards, has discussed Turkish and Soviet views on the question of the Straits. I will add nothing to what he has said. It might, however, be interesting to say something about the second point of pressure, the Soviet claim to the eastern vilayets, broadly speaking those of Kars, Ardahan and Artvin.

The historical background of this controversy is extremely complicated and shows its importance to Great Britain. Since the beginning of the 19th century the disputed frontier has been the scene of five Russo-Turkish wars; in two of these Great Britain has been directly concerned (1853-5 and 1914-18), and in another two (1806-12 and 1877-8) British policy was interested. As long as we have commitments in the Middle East, we shall continue to be interested.

These provinces have alternately belonged to Turkey or Russia for many years, according to the strength of the contestants. In 1918-19, the situation was considerably complicated by the rise of short-lived counter-revolutionary governments in Georgia, Armenia and



Keystone P

*The modern Turkish army is on the alert to guard the fruits of a quarter century of achievement. A self-reliant people, the Turks are well aware that others will help those who help themselves*

Azerbaijan, while British forces occupied Batum and Kars. Following the withdrawal of British troops from the Black Sea-Caspian region and the Red Army offensives against the governments of Georgia and Azerbaijan, the Turks reoccupied Kars and Ardahan and it was military rather than political circumstances which prevented them from occupying the important Black Sea port of Batum as well. The *status quo* was recognized by the Convention of Gümrü (Leninakan) in 1920 and later regularized by the Treaty of Moscow (March 1921) and the Treaty of Kars (October 1921). The Soviet suggestion that these were signed under duress is, to say the least, disingenuous. It is true that Russia was then in the throes of revolution. But so was Turkey.

It would not be difficult, though it would be tedious, to set out the legal basis for Turkey's present sovereignty; also the economic, which would undoubtedly allow Turkey a far wider area than she at present possesses. In fact, in

these days it is little difficult to know what is the essential basis for any claim on foreign territory. If it is ethnographical, then there is no doubt that the majority of the inhabitants of the provinces in question are Turks (and the large minority Kurdish and Armenian, not Russian), a fact which is true also for much of the Caucasus and Turkestan. Indeed, this fact caused the Turkey of the Committee of Union and Progress under Enver and Talaat Pashas to enter into very dangerous Pan-Turanian imperialist experiments, a move which was promptly checked by Atatürk. Recent attempts to revive this Pan-Turanian propaganda have been equally firmly discouraged by İsmet İnönü. If, therefore, accusations of imperialism are to be bandied about—and the Turks, though giving as good as they get, are under no temptation to provoke slanging-matches with their powerful neighbours—the Russian claim to the eastern vilayets can hardly be placed in any more favourable category.



# Lucimia Restituta

## Rebuilding a Polish Village

by LESLIE HARRIS



Leslie Harris

*The following article is taken from a report published in the Friends Relief Service News for October 17, 1947. The photographs are by members of their Transport Team operating at Gora Puławska*

BESIDE the Vistula, about fourteen miles from Gora Puławska, there is rising out of the sand and the swamp a village called Lucimia. Three years ago it did not exist. Its peasant population, which had lived there for so many generations that its hundred or so families had only a handful of surnames left to go round, had evacuated their homes in face of the advancing battle. Not an English evacuation—no buses, no waiting billets, no expenses paid. They had gathered their most precious belongings, stacked them on carts or packed them on their backs, and trekked away from their Vistula to crowd into villages and towns farther from the line, to camp out or to live in the ground and wait. One day the war would end and they would get back through the line and carry on working where they had left off—the only work they knew and the only place where they wanted to do it. But six months of war swept their land while they were away;

they had not thought it would be so long. It destroyed their homes and contaminated their fields. Lucimia village perished, along with Gora Puławska and others, and scarcely a stone was left standing on stone. The searing flame passed; derelict trees, stretching stunted arms to the autumn sky, saluted the end of a war. And below was peace again—but the eerie echoing peace of death.

The earth is very sandy, and in many places it is nothing but sand; people picked their way home barefoot across these dunes, through charred forests and mazes of sawn-off stumps, past trenches and bunkers strengthened with the prematurely executed trees—back to the desolation of their village, the unrecognizable piles of stones beside the unchanging river. But back where they could work again. And work it would really be, for they had only seven horses and eighteen cows left in the whole village, and the danger of mines

lurked in their fields and the gaunt monuments of the destroyed tanks stood around.

When the surveyors came along they had no trouble calculating damage percentages. And when the Ministry of Reconstruction completed its plans for rebuilding villages, Lucimia was in the first category to be scheduled for help. The village was to be entirely replanned, and each family with between twelve and twenty acres was eventually to receive two permanent buildings: a dwelling-house and a barn for the animals. In 1946 the plans were still on paper, and people were struggling through a second summer as best they could—and approaching their third winter. They had ploughed their fields by drawing the ploughs themselves, or else they had dug them over with spades; they had taken wood from the trenches and built barns; they got two horses from UNRRA to help them; they dug into the ground for living-space, thatching their bunkers with straw; sometimes a wisp of smoke rising from the battle entrenchments round the village would indicate that some family had occupied a ready-made apartment. In the summer of 1946 less than half the people had built any sort of habitation above ground, and their

animals—their livelihood—had first claim on shelter. One day their new houses could be built . . . but there was no point in counting on that. True there was rock in a quarry only five miles away; maybe *all* the materials were ready waiting, but Lucimia was at the end of a long road which started at “They say . . .” and trailed away into nowhere almost before it reached them. On July 31, 1946, an unfamiliar noise was heard along the “nowhere” end of the road, and some of the things “they said” had begun to happen. A six-ton General Motors truck with a queer-looking star on the side lumbered into the village and deposited a great pile of rock at their feet.

Although Lucimia is not the only place in which we have worked, our experiences in connection with it are illustrative, typical of all our work. It also represents a self-contained project; materials have been transported to many places, but a better idea of the value of the work can be given where a coherent aim is discernible—in this case, to see a whole community once again living under the security of a roof and, in the course of its realization, to revive the morale of a depressed and embittered people, to live with

*“They dug into the ground for living-space, thatching their bunkers with straw”*

V. C. Gei





their dreams and be a part of their hopes. Up to now our reports may have tended to regale the reader with too many details about tons of materials hauled and the impressive difficulties encountered (and sometimes overcome), until all the bricks and stones ceased to mean anything and one month's cement was very much like another's. Well, each month's cement has been different from the others, and now we shall soon be leaving Lucimia.

Readers of our earlier reports will have gathered from them that, although over 4000 tons of materials had been hauled into the village between that July day and May of 1947, there had been very little building. When winter interrupted operations like cement-mixing as early as November 1946, only eleven people had built the foundation for the first of their buildings. These buildings were the barns, a section of which was to be adapted for human habitation until such time as the dwelling-houses were ready for occupation. The barn is actually designed for this purpose, since there are rightly no plans to build the second buildings so long as people still pass winters in the ground for lack of the first.

A foundation required  $3\frac{1}{2}$  tons of lime and 30 tons of limestone rock. Each of the 98 building sites had, before winter came, its little pit containing the lime for slaking; during the winter it had been possible to continue hauling rock from neighbouring Janowiec right into February, when snow finally stopped work. Thus, when around Easter the long winter came to an end, many villagers were in a position to start work on their foundations. The next stage in the building is to erect the walls, built out of cement blocks  $20" \times 10" \times 10"$ , each weighing over 80 lbs. To some villages we had hauled the ready-made blocks, 110 at a time, from Gora Puławska where they are made at the little riverside *betonarnia* (concrete-mixing works), privately owned by Pan Nowak. But to Lucimia we had hauled a wooden barrack and the requisite hand-machinery to set up and equip a *betonarnia* in the village, managing during the autumn to keep it well supplied with cement and sand. Thousands of blocks were therefore made before the freeze, and when the road to Lucimia opened again in the spring, most of them had already been carted onto the building sites by the peasants with their little wagons and their dozen tired horses, 12 blocks at a time. All the walls of a building can be constructed with only 1100 blocks. And so, in spring of this year, materials were piled up

'on the doorstep' ready for a flying start. There remained, however, an important problem.

A previous report has told of the two or three journeys made by team representatives to Lucimia during the depth of winter, to discuss what skilled labour would be available and how it could best be organized to make fullest use of the building season. The talks about building, cooperatives, about dilution of labour, etc. will be remembered as having provoked interesting reactions, but they bore no relation to the subsequent scheme of things. In April some of the villagers were quick off the mark to hire the skilled masons whose services were available, and a man from our team had, as arranged, begun to devote his full time to the coordination of their efforts. But the looming man-power shortage was all but banished from the horizon with the announcement that a school of engineering and building trainees would encamp near Lucimia for the summer and accomplish their practical training by building houses under the direction of their instructors.

In May they arrived. Something should be said about them—the "Swit" organization. The boys numbered about fifty at first, were aged between sixteen and twenty-one and appeared to be wearing uniform (it is always difficult to tell whether a Pole is wearing uniform because, apart from its inevitable incompleteness and original improvisation, the average state of repair of a Polish uniform would lead the observer to believe that its wearer had either inherited the suit or left the organization concerned several years previously). They were quartered in a barrack at Chotsza, which is three miles further into the beyond than Lucimia, were (and are) transported to and from work by our trucks, and are fathered, officered and instructed by a small but motley group of underpaid and over-zealous foremen. One of these boasts a respectable uniform, indistinguishable from Polish army issue except for the Swit badge on his cap and complete down to the shining black cavalry boots and the two pips on his shoulder! All of which is necessary because, it appears, it is essential to the training of the boys that they should drill morning and evening, march into the truck by numbers, sing patriotic songs after breakfast and form fours with a facility that seems strangely irrelevant to the qualifications of a good engineer. Hauling the boys home in the evening and out early next morning was best accomplished by our drivers staying overnight at the Swit barrack, and a poll shows that 80 per cent of all



J. H. Dasenbr

(Above) "There was rock in a quarry only five miles away . . ." Loading rock at Janowiec on the Vistula

(Below) "A six-ton General Motors truck with a queer-looking star on the side lumbered into the village"

V. C. Geig





the breakfasts and suppers consumed there by our men consisted of two square inches of pure fat back bacon, black bread and ersatz coffee. But the boys were cheerful, apparently uncomplaining and they worked well, while their instructors were really good-natured, hospitable and cooperative. There are now about a hundred boys, and their stay has, indeed, been a boon to Lucimia. They will leave at the end of September.

Thus quite early in the season the work of building was proceeding at a good pace. In July, the international work camp installed itself by the river and made a contribution which is fully yet modestly described in its own reports. Our coordinator was kept very busy in the disposition of such a mixed labour force and in directing the flow of materials so that the builders were never interrupted. The overall plan of campaign was drawn up at a general village meeting, where such things were decided as for whom Swit should work, where they should begin, who would employ his own labour and so on. In this way a comparatively detailed plan sprang from the earlier agreements of principle (referred to in

*"The next stage in the building is to erect the walls, built out of cement blocks 20" x 10" x 10", each weighing over 80 lbs"*

H. Dassenbrock



previous reports) such as the giving of priority to widows and families with small labour resources. Near the head of the list was the village blacksmith, for such a hovel as he had had was destroyed by fire early in the year. His house is now completed—the first finished building in Lucimia. Close relations have been maintained right through the season between the team and the villagers, our 'ambassador' having frequent discussions of arrangements with a representative group of the people—the *soltys* (head of village), the blacksmith and others—whose wisdom and impartiality (and willingness to take the job) were respected by the rest.

The arrival of a forward-control vehicle (*i.e.* a vehicle with a longer body, because the cab is built forward, over or around the engine) considerably accelerated the timber-hauling, for such items as doors and window-frames are bulky but light loads. The other vehicles then concentrated on hauling cement and sand to the block factory, rock and, more recently, bricks for the ovens and chimney stacks. Some ready-made blocks had also to be hauled in from Gora Puławska because the Lucimia betonarnia was prevented from keeping pace with the demand by a shortage of labour. Summer brings other concerns to a man with a dozen acres of land to look after.

From Gora Puławska to Janowiec we have been using a medium-hard road (seven miles) through the forest instead of the nine-mile route we used last year, on which the collapse of a bridge and a bad patch of soil subsidence have rendered operations a little hazardous. But a hard road is not always an advantage: a hard pot-hole punishes the springs worse than a soft one. Some roads consisted of 6-inch round poles embedded laterally in the track at intervals of about 18 inches, something in the manner of railway sleepers, and "paved" with longitudinal planking. The planking no longer exists, and driving over the remains is considerably worse than would be driving along a railway track—for the subsoil is soft and the constant bouncing of trucks off the sleepers has deepened the troughs between. It is one of the cruellest experiences our drivers are called upon to suffer. At 5 m.p.h. every bump (and they come every 18 inches) does things

to the vehicle which send shudders through the driver (and things to the driver which send shudders through the vehicle). From Janowiec to Lucimia there is a choice of two roads—the lower, or hard road, and the upper, or sand road. It should be mentioned that most references to roads are to tracks a little wider than a truck. The hard road to Lucimia, being bordered in places by trees on each side, is impassable after a heavy shower because it is impossible to stay on the muddy surface. By what seems an ideal order of things, the sand road is impassable when the sand is very dry and powdery, but not so bad when rain has bedded it down.

And now this by no means battered fleet has been travelling these roads for fourteen months. Lucimia is a hive of activity; there are still two dozen families which have not built their foundations, but half the houses are at the level of the eaves or better. After that they require roofing joists, laths and tiles, and glass for the windows. Everywhere there is the sound of sawing wood, of scraping trowels, of hammers on nails. New shapes pierce the skyline—steep wooden roof skeletons awaiting the tiles, boys, perched on chimney stacks, putting the finishing-touches. There is an end-of-season urgency about things and new types of problems arise. Jasik needs only his roof-tiles to complete the job, Pekala wants window frames so that the work on his walls can continue, and another man still wants his blocks and won't be able to finish this year anyway. Do you help those who are farthest behind and tell the Jasiks to throw straw over the roof this year; or do you concentrate on making a limited number of dwellings completely habitable and leave the others still farther behind? In any case, the dividing line is not easy to see, especially when you are being helped to see it by a crowd of the 'locals', who these days convene a meeting out of nowhere every time a truck rumbles into the village. The disposal of the materials is not, of course, decided on the spot each time a truck goes in, but it has to be defended nearly that often. A fortnight of almost continuous heavy rain, plus experience gained last year, combined to keep us off the road for a week early this month. Bureaucratic delays are at the moment depriving us of petrol and



*"New shapes pierce the skyline—steep wooden roof skeletons awaiting the tiles, boys . . . putting the finishing touches"*

J. H. Dasenbro

funds, and threaten further immobilization. Lucimia is becoming concerned, for although so near their goal, they don't want to be left. It would take a lot of horses and a lot of carts and many slow journeys to haul what they still need. Whenever the people see us, they rattle off their requirements, make anxious inquiries: why can't more trucks run . . . what's wrong with that one over there? They expect a lot from us.

We try sometimes to evaluate the work; are we helping people to help themselves or are we spoonfeeding them? We talk about "the Quaker Message" and wonder whether we have given too much of our labour and too little of ourselves; and we come round to the impossibility of placing a single value on the whole enterprise. No miracles have been performed. Nothing lends itself to simplification. What can a report of this sort say, except that the village of Lucimia, which three years ago did not exist, is today nearly rebuilt? We hope and believe there may be a little more to it than that.



# Square-Rig Voyage

by DUNCAN CARSE

*On January 1, 1947, the Finnish four-masted barque Passat left Sweden with a cargo of timber for South Africa. She carried a skeleton crew of thirty-one and twelve passengers, among them a G-B Instructional Film Unit, to which the author of the present article, an ex-square-rig seaman, was attached as Technical Adviser. The illustrations are published by courtesy of G-B Instructional.*

ON Wednesday, January 8, 1947, the Master made a detailed log entry of unusual length: the ship was then on the Sixtieth Parallel and about 300 miles S.S.E. of Iceland.

The ship was running under fore and main lower topsails and taking green water from stem to stern. At 0800, she came up into the wind and was swept overall by very heavy seas which started the hatch battens and flooded the forepeak. The starboard forecask was also flooded, as were the passengers' quarters in the poop. The meat-and-salt storeroom was forced and gutted, the meat-casks broken to bits and the salt washed away.

At 0940, the starboard clewrons to the fore lower topsail snapped and the sail blew out immediately; at the same time, the starboard topping lift on the foreyard carried away and the yard slewed vertically on the gooseneck.

At 1000, the sea took the forward starboard lifeboat and at 1030, the after one; the ship was then listing more than 50° at the turn of the roll and driving the lee rail amidships two metres under water.

At 1200, the ship was lying right over on her beam ends and the main lower topsail was cut away to ease her. The Second and Third Mates were caught by big seas and injured by being smashed against the pinrail: the Third Mate broke a rib.

That rough translation gives the gist of Captain Hägerstrand's account of the most uncomfortable incident of the voyage—a winter hurricane in the Atlantic approaches to the Arctic Circle. The wind, never less than 80 m.p.h. and sometimes more than 100, funnelled out of the S.E. for fifteen hours on end: it was the climax to a whole week of increasingly hard weather from the same quarter.

The wind had first come away from the S.E. with the New Year, a thin breeze laden with smooth grey cloud and cold; and passing in tow through the Swept Channel of the Öresund, we had shaken out fore and main lower topsails to make good an extra knot. With the wind freshening all the time from the S.E., we had crossed the North Sea in less than thirty hours and had made a bad land-fall on the morning of January 5 just north of the Pentland Firth; and for the next five hours we had clawed off the land close-

hailed to clear Start Light—north-eastern marker of the Orkneys—by a bare three miles. That evening, with full storm from the S.E. fine on the port quarter, *Passat* under fore-course and lower topsails had run free to the W. at ten knots. But next day she had begun to labour, half sailing and half drifting to the W.N.W., unaccountably crabwise—until we found the sheared-off rims of two ventilators under the forecask head and realized that through them the forepeak had been flooded from bilges to deckhead! So from dawn till midnight on January 7, passengers and crew had pumped and baled to lower the depth of water by about three feet. This then was our position when the hurricane climax to hard south-easterly weather hit us an hour later—the ship down by the head (with 200 tons of water in the forepeak) and steering badly, ourselves worried and tired.

It was a bad blow with a dangerous forty-foot sea travelling fast and breaking. *Passat* was listing at least 30° to starboard—she dipped the lee main yardarm more than once—and the lee rail was more in than out. The ship was leaking through all the storm-doors and most of the ports and, when things were at their worst early in the afternoon, she was noticeably sluggish at the turn of the roll. But we passengers saw little of what was happening on deck or in the accommodation amidships—we were too busy baling out our own quarters aft.

There was in the starboard wing of the poop a spare cabin in use as storeroom with an ill-fitting davit coming down through the deck-head. And being on the lee side, this perforated cubby-hole—the port was cracked too—became a sump for draining off the rest of the after flat: it was already two to three feet deep in water at dawn. So we began to bale: but so steep was the pitch of the deck and so violent the motion that we could hold our feet only by rigging a thwartships life-line and never letting go of it! We kept this up without food or drink and with little rest until dusk—we had to; and when not too out of breath, we sang all the loud rude humorous songs we could remember.

Least concerned of all on board were



All photographs by Brendon Sta

*"With tatters of canvas whipcracking from the main lower topsail yard, Passat lay hove to on the starboard tack, rolling heavily in the boisterous after-swell"*





*"The restless pattern of cream-rounded canvas and amber  
spars dancing intricate shadows on the blue-and-white sea"*



*"Steady wind and full spread of bright canvas with each smooth-bellied sail gleaming into the eye of the sun"*





*"There were days in the Trades when we fished bonito, skimming a fillet of white rag at speed close under the bows"*

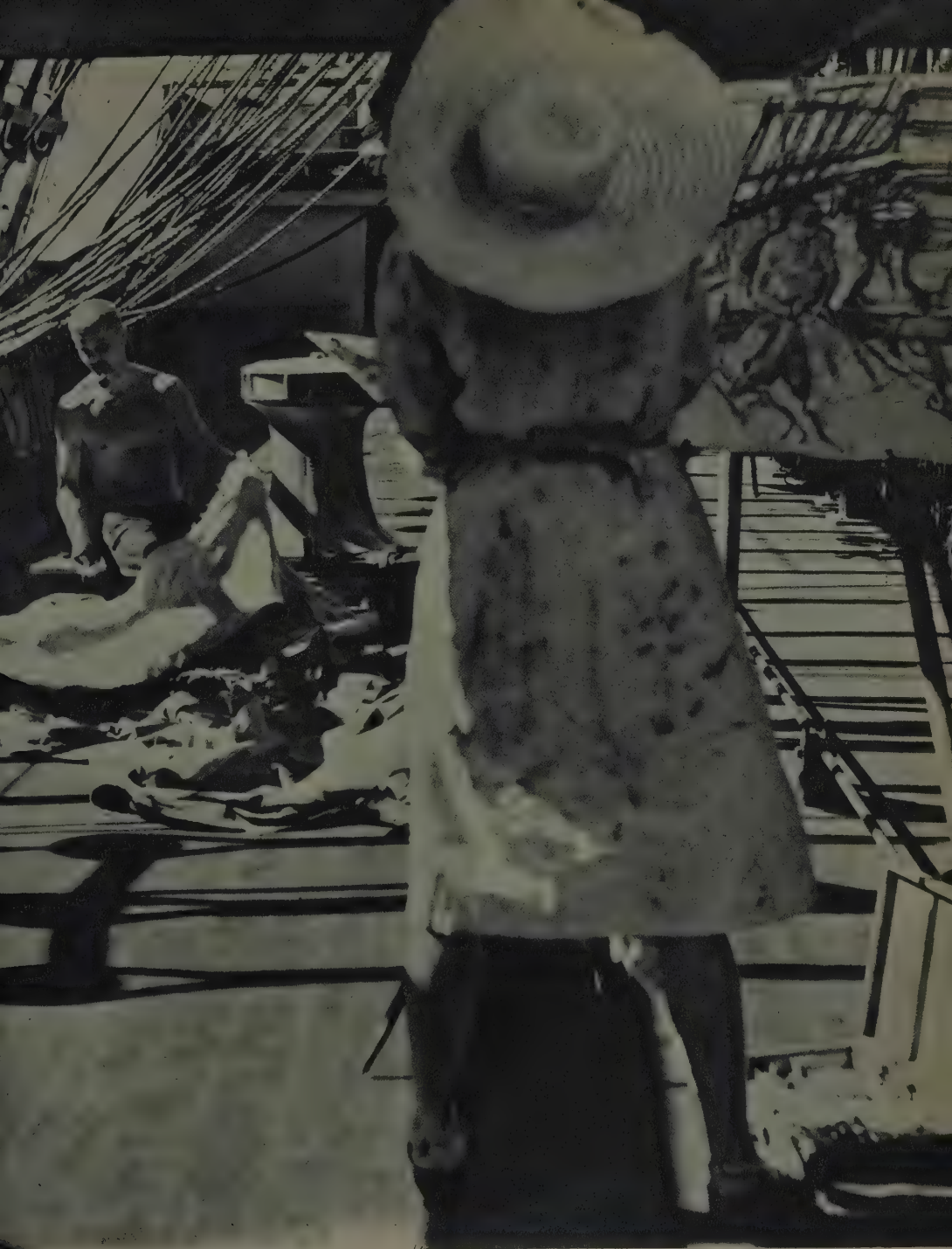


*"February began with one of the nicest jobs of the trip—sending down the stormsails and bending the fair-weather canvas"*



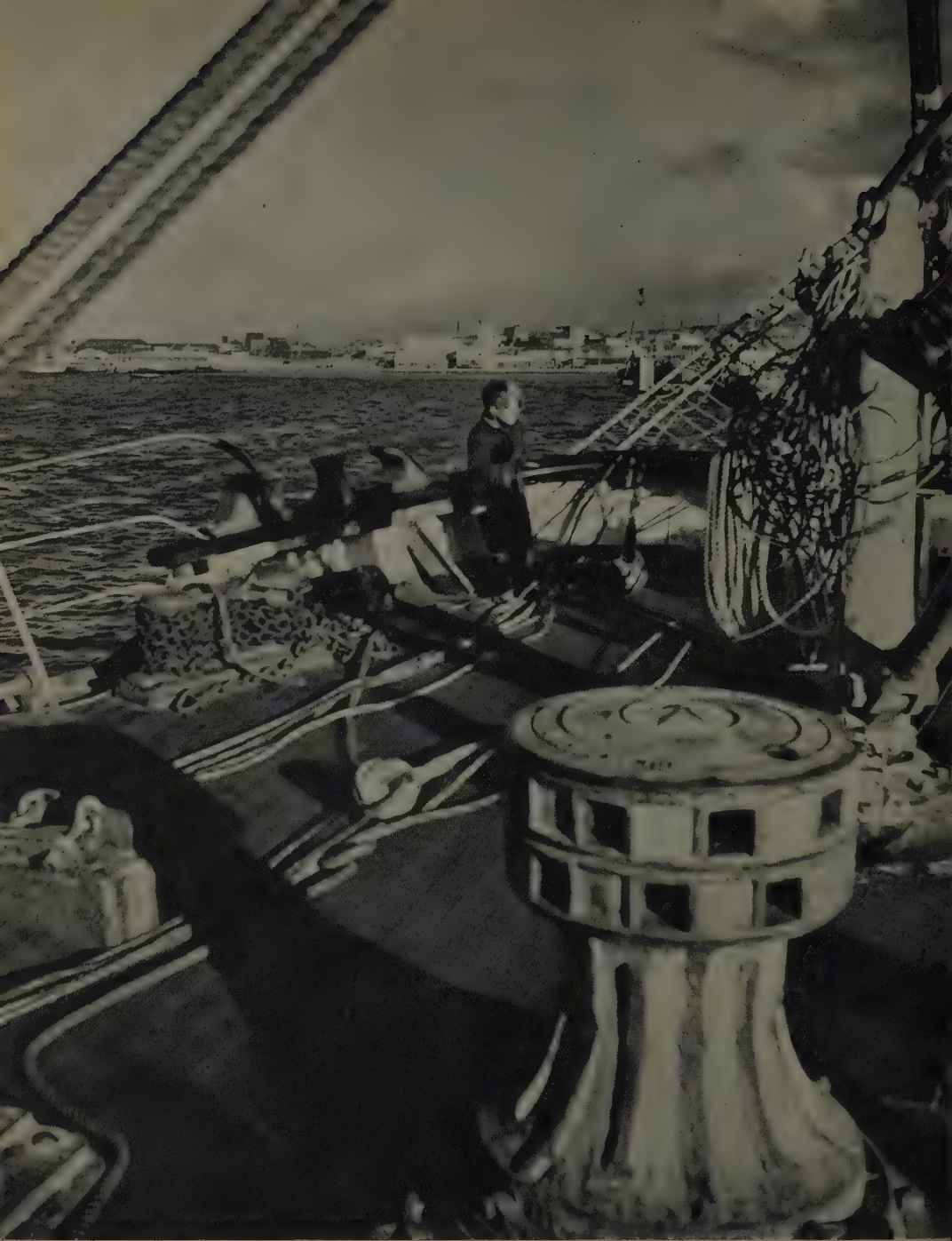


*"Sebastian, rather over-dressed for the Tropics, helping the Old Man and Elomaa to cut out a new mainsail"*



*"The sailmaker's deft muscular mastery of palm  
and needle could not but catch the artist's eye"*





*"The little figure on the forecastle head 'watching the busy movement and gay colour of the Cape Town docks was both alien and forlorn"*

Sebastian (aged four) and the Professor. With the hurricane still at its height, Sebastian's only complaint—and he had then been some hours lashed in his bunk alone in the dark—was that he was rather thirsty! And the Professor, whenever he could be spared from baling, choked himself off thwartships at an angle of 45° and typed . . . and typed . . . and typed!

The storm blew itself out quite suddenly. About 4 p.m. there was a noticeable lightening in the sky. A thin slit of greeny-blue ran across the S.W. as though the taut cloud cover were being spitted on the blade of a knife. It widened, letting through more light: the wind began to take off—visibility improved—the waves no longer broke: by 6 o'clock, the hurricane was over. Next day, in brilliant sunshine and with tatters of canvas whipcracking from the main lower topsail yard, *Passat* lay hove to on the starboard tack, rolling heavily in the boisterous after-swell.

\* \* \*

We were in the Tropics for exactly a month; it was leisurely sailing but pleasant, and we passengers were happy enough to be able to live day-long on deck instead of in the drear squalor of our so-called 'First Class Accommodation'. We were glad to forget our dingy cabins with their smoky oil-lamps and glimmering hurricane lanterns, their tin jugs and basins and outmoded jerries, their frowsty Victorian settees and broken wall-mirrors and frayed fragments of dusty carpet. And we were more than glad to get well away from our two Heath-Robinson lavatories with their unworkable flushing system and brave stench of long-accumulated excreta.

February began with one of the nicest jobs of the trip—sending down the stormsails and bending the fair-weather canvas. But about the middle of the month, all hands had a bad time drying out the dregs of the forepeak. "After the flooding of the forepeak, the crew baled night and day until, on February 20, it was at last possible to close the non-return valve."

The ship's log does not explain that the last ten-foot depth of débris was a thick gruel of grey sludge binding together a resistant tangle of miscellaneous stores. The work was dirty and heavy—the atmosphere gaseous and headachy: it was no picnic.

At week-ends and in the late afternoons, we would mingle on forecastle head and out along the jib-boom, talking and reading and smoking, Lindholm and Teppo playing chess, Kuosmanen in hammock, Sebastian bouncing tirelessly on Sirén's belly, the sun furnace-like on our skin and the bow-wave languorous in our ears, the gramophone rasping out senti-

mental ballads and swing with impartial distortion. Sometimes we measured up to each other in makeshift sport on the forward well-deck—lifting Suomi's anvil, cockfighting, tests of grip and pull, handsprings and simple gymnastics. And sometimes we sang, Hammar plucking his guitar and Pohjola bowing his fiddle.

There were days in the Trades when we fished bonito, skimming a fillet of white rag at speed close under the bows; and once or twice in the Doldrums, we caught small sharks by trailing from the poop a deep bait of putrescent salt meat.

On February 14 we crossed the Line and were boarded by His Marine Majesty next day. The baptismal ceremony which followed was humorous and—by square-rig standards—decadently refined! There was horseplay but no victimization, soot and grease instead of tar, ducking without near-drowning, an excess of good humour . . . the Royal Party had been off the wagon and were drunkenly clement.

Three days later, a towering march of giant squalls moved slowly across the sky towards the low evening sun—one of them burst over *Passat* with gusty wind and torrential rain: it was the start of the South-East Trade. Our position was then rather less than 400 miles E.N.E. of the Brazilian headland of Cape Roque.

Temperamentally, we were ready for it: the North-East Trade had been a poor breeze, and the sticky delay of the Doldrums had made us tetchy. And yet we had averaged forty miles a day through them without once having to watch the oil-smooth swell of prolonged windless tranquillity. But now we could look forward once again to steady wind and full spread of bright canvas with each smooth-bellied sail gleaming into the eye of the sun.

Towards the end of the month, the Professor was seen trying to loosen a right-handed screw by turning it clockwise. We explained to him that he must turn it anti-clockwise. For a moment, he was puzzled; then understanding and conviction made him smile at his own obtuseness. "If I were in Helsingfors," said the Professor, "I would be able to unscrew it my way! But not now that I have crossed the Equator!"

At this time, the sail-maker was probably the most envied man on board. For weeks past, he had sat day after day on his bench mending old sails and making new ones, the high sun toasting his body through raw red to chocolate brown. To see him at work was to admire his craftsmanship and to regret the passing of his craft. Sitting out there on deck



in brilliant shifting pattern of tropical light and shade, his deft muscular mastery of palm and needle could not but catch the artist's eye.

On February 26, we made our third land-fall since leaving Scandinavia. At 9 o'clock in the morning, we could see from deck level the tiny rock spires of South Trinidad topping the horizon fine on the port bow. All day, we crept upon them imperceptibly, the blue back-cloth of the sky painted here and there with grape-like clusters of small hard cumulus. We were still not abeam of the island at dusk.

Sheets and smalls sun-dried within the hour; copper-bronze limbs and bodies banded with white midribs bathing on the forward well-deck; unpalatable meals of pea soup and sausages, blood pudding and macaroni, fruit soup and porridge; the restless pattern of cream-rounded canvas and amber spars dancing intricate shadow on the blue-and-white sea—these were with us from Cancer to Capricorn!

\* \* \*

It was very hot—the Horse Latitudes of the South Atlantic were no better than the Doldrums—we were already more than sixty days at sea—our meal-time conversation was irritable and spasmodic. . . . But Sebastian, peeping over a heaped plate of pancakes and jam at the cross sweaty faces of his fellow-passengers, was still outspokenly appreciative: "I like this ship too bloody damn much!" he said.

He was big and strong for his age, broad of shoulder and long of limb, the muscles already lithe beneath the brown skin. With his fair hair and snub nose, blue-grey eyes behind long dark lashes, heavy jaw-line and frequently dirty face, he was an attractive kid, tough and courageous. He never cried from physical hurt, but he could quickly work himself into a paroxysm of weepy rage over the trifling frustration of a childish whim; it was only then, when he was howling because he could not have his own way, that we realized how young he was.

But Sebastian was the happiest of us all—he had the run of the ship, he was never seasick, the crew liked him, he obviously enjoyed bad weather, he had in him the makings of a seaman. Long before we made port, he could climb a rope by himself, he could take up the slack and make fast and coil down (always right-handed), he had developed an instinct for good order on deck and would 'clear up' of his own accord. In fact, he became so much a part of the voyage that journey's end was for him like going back to school—the little figure on the fore-castle head watching the busy movement and gay colour

of the Cape Town docks was both alien and forlorn.

He spoke an intelligible but capricious English ornamented with Teutonisms picked up in everyday conversation with his Finnish and Swedish shipmates. But what he said was even more striking than how he said it.

Sebastian was explaining one day to the starboard watch 'all about babies'; and his knowledge of the subject, though basically sound, was tricked out with many attractive fancies of his own. Pleasantly imaginative was his argument that babies have to be very small to get born at all and cannot get out when they are wearing thick shorts!

Oscar the Pig was killed about the middle of March; he was roast pork for two days and then small cubes of fat in the pea soup. And Sebastian, watching these hot flabby titbits bob and spin, gave them the only possible name. . . . "Look at all the little Oscars in my soup!" he cried. And the quaint new word stuck. To all of us who were there, any floating fragment of meat is still an "oscar".

Sebastian in ski-suit and miniature oilskins, with red leather helmet and heavy Swedish boots and socks, boldly scampering between the surge of white water on the after well-deck. Sebastian squatting cross-legged on deck to watch Lackmann do a cut splice. Sebastian in sun-suit learning the steps of a Swedish folk-dance from the Old Man. Sebastian wrestling with the gnarled blacksmith hands of Suomi. Sebastian calling us to morning coffee with loud shouts of "*Frukost!*" Sebastian rather over-dressed for the Tropics, helping the Old Man and Elomaa to cut out a new mainsail. Sebastian with crimson bottom and floppy white hat underestimating the pervasiveness of the sun. Sebastian . . . But this memory of him is the last!

At 8 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, March 22, *Passat* was taken in tow some twelve miles out from Green Point: there was no wind, and the current was setting her offshore to the W.N.W. Expectant and gay, we passengers grouped ourselves on the fore-castle head—Sebastian came too.

The waterfront lights of Cape Town spread wide across our bows, a coronet of pinpoint brilliants: the bight of the tow-rope snaked the surface water with phosphorescence; agile black figures aloft clambered from yard to yard, fisting each sail in turn; Sebastian in diminutive silhouette against the floodlit stern of the tug sang and sang at the top of his voice, his own words and his own lack of melody. And we were suddenly aware of him as our mascot, the benevolent happy-go-lucky talisman of our eighty days at sea, the gremlin of *Passat*!

# Boobies, Frigate-birds and Tropic-birds

by DR C. A. GIBSON-HILL

ALL the larger ocean masses have characteristic features in their avifauna. In the North Atlantic it is the prevalence of gulls, in the North Pacific auks, and in the great southern oceans diving-petrels, albatrosses and penguins. Between Cancer and Capricorn the conspicuous birds are the tropic-birds, frigate-birds and boobies, the birds by which the early sailors knew that they were approaching the warm waters of the tropical seas.

The most numerous of these three groups is that of the boobies, large, long-winged birds with fairly short necks, thick-set bodies, long wedge-shaped tails and stout, pointed bills. They are closely related to the gannets of cooler regions and, like them, usually fly only a short distance above the water. Their flight is strong and regular, but undulant. They rise a little with some three or four slow, powerful wing-beats, and then fall again gradually with a long, steady glide. Frequently they fly in small groups of about half a dozen, often in Indian file.

The boobies feed on fish, mostly flying-fish and cuttlefish, which they catch by diving from the air. Generally, they drop from a height of about fifty feet, but it may be as much as a hundred. The Japanese claim to have taken them in fishing nets at a depth of thirteen fathoms, suggesting powers of submerged motion comparable with those of the cormorants. Only a limited number of seabirds obtain their food by diving, and the practice is sufficient to differentiate the boobies from the majority of those occurring in tropical waters. The only other species using this method are some of the terns, the tropic-birds and the Brown and Chilean Pelicans.

There are six species of booby. All are very similar in behaviour, except in the choice of nesting site. Four of them lay their eggs on the ground, or on flat, untidy piles of sticks or guano. The normal clutch is two or three, although both the Brown Booby and the Masked Booby rear only one chick. Where possible these birds breed in large colonies, in many respects similar to those of the gannets. The other two species normally nest in trees, and lay only one egg.

A booby's egg hatches after about six weeks. The newly emerged chick is between five and

six inches long, and quite naked. The down, however, develops fairly quickly. The first feathers, on the tail and wings, appear towards the end of the fifth week, and by about the thirteenth week the down survives only in a small tuft on the forehead. Two or three weeks later the young bird is ready for its first flight.

On the whole, boobies are devoted and solicitous parents. They display a fierce, active affection for the newly hatched chicks, and a foolish, fond affection for them when they are older. They will also defend them vigorously against all enemies, standing their ground and darting out short, sharp thrusts with their pointed bills. Boobies, however, are not intelligent parents, being almost completely unable to distinguish one chick from another. If the young Brown Boobies in two adjacent nests, with several weeks' difference in age, are transposed the parents notice nothing.

On some of the Peruvian islands the boobies are much persecuted by the Kelp Gull, which takes both eggs and young. Elsewhere their principal enemy is the second bird on our list, the frigate or man-o'-war bird, "the most aerial of birds", as the early Greek sailors aptly described it. Usually the booby is caught on its way home from fishing by an unofficial coastal patrol, and within half a minute there are generally six or more frigate-birds in the chase. The booby's only hope of saving its dinner is to gain the shelter of the trees along the shore; and the attackers do their best to head it off. Once the victim is away from its course, they fly after it, overtaking it one by one, and pulling or pecking at its wings and tail as they pass. The booby, squawking loudly, twists and turns in an attempt to throw off the pursuers, but the end is nearly always the same. To gain greater height, and save itself from serious injury, it empties its belly—and is then allowed to depart in peace. As the vomited fish drops, the frigate-birds swoop downwards to catch it before it disappears into the sea.

These birds, however, have other ways of obtaining food. Under suitable conditions they will hover, for ten or twelve wing-beats,



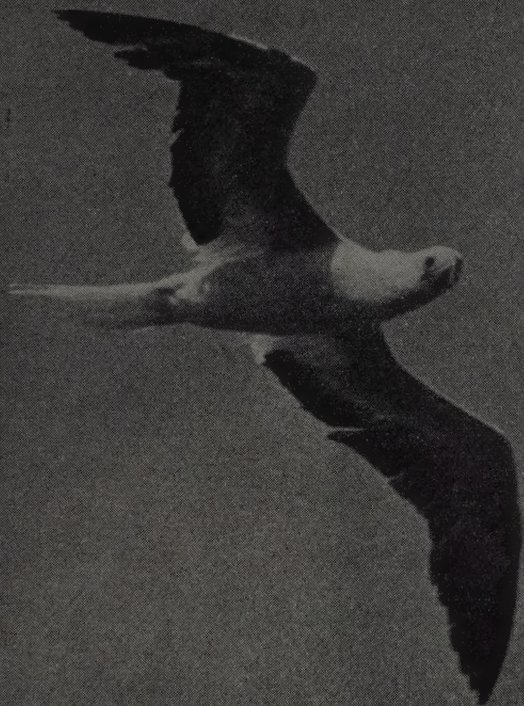


(Left) A watchful Brown Booby stands guard over its nest, which is built on the ground. Though there are two eggs it is unlikely that both will hatch; even if they do, the younger chick, denied its fair share of the food, will die within the first ten days; only one is ever reared. (Below) The same bird in its normal undulant gliding flight, showing the contrast between its neat white belly and dark body, which is of a chocolate-brown colour. The Brown Booby is not restricted to the tropics, but has a world-wide distribution

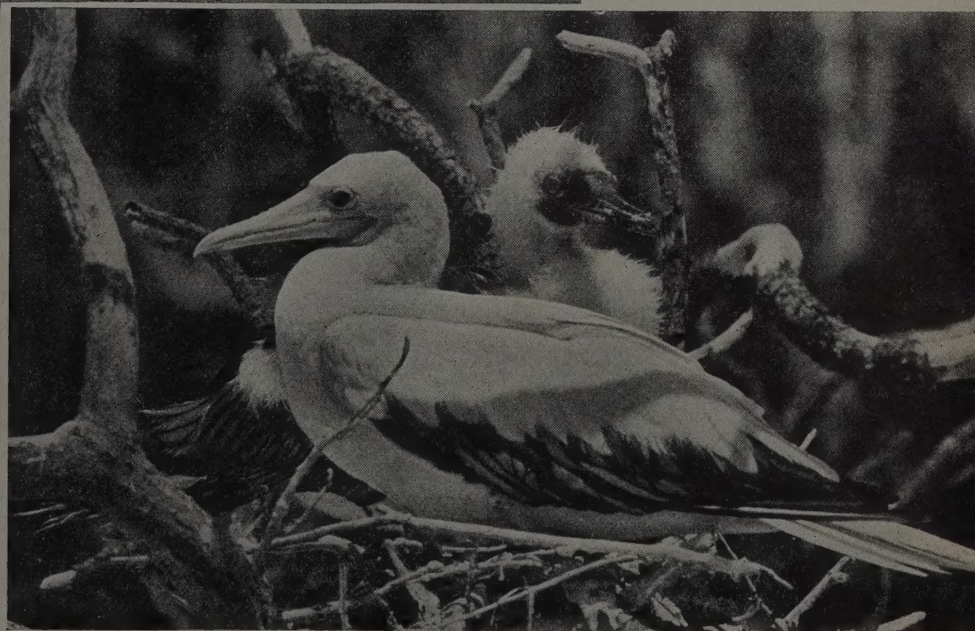
All photographs by the author







(Left) A Red-footed Booby soaring over tropical waters. This attractive-looking bird is mostly white with black flight feathers and bright red feet. It is abundant on small islands all round the world, but, except in the case of one of the Revilla Gigedo group off the coast of Mexico, it is only found where there are low trees and shrubs. (Below) Like Brown Boobies, the Red-footed Boobies are fond, but not very intelligent, parents, and they have even been known to adopt chicks of the former, believing these to be their own



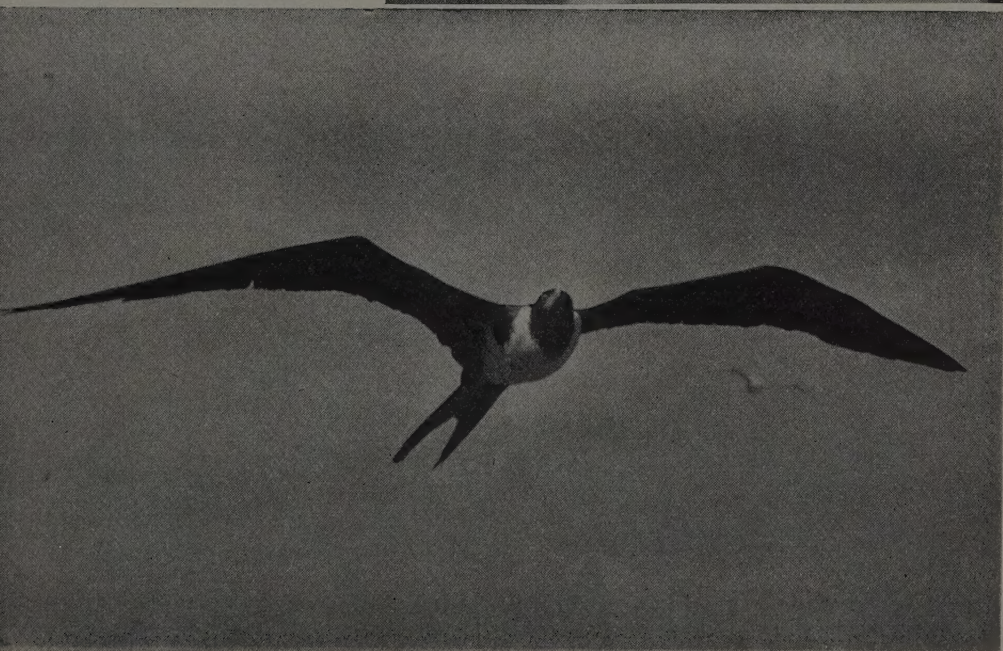
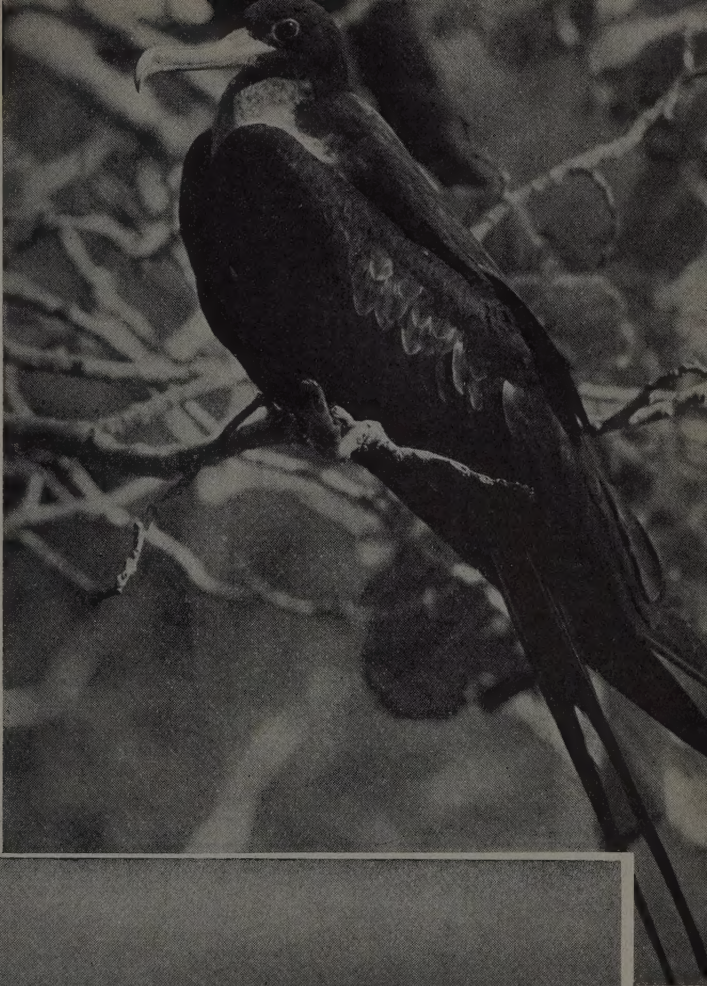


(Left) A Red-tailed Tropicbird flattening out after its dive. These birds, which fish singly or in pairs and never in flocks, generally fly fairly high, but are inquisitive creatures and will readily descend to circle round a ship. Their flight differs markedly from that of any other sea-bird, most nearly resembling a pigeon's. The wing beats are quick and strong and they seldom glide for any appreciable time. While the parent bird is hard at work fishing, its seven-week-old chick (below) waits impatiently for dinner





There are five species of frigate-bird. (Right) A female Lesser Frigate-bird. (Below) A female Christmas Island Frigate-bird. Unfortunately, though the frigate-bird's mastery of flight is almost complete, it is unable to swim or dive and, as a result, in many weathers can only obtain food by stealing it on the wing from boobies, tropic-birds or terns. Columbus wrote a full account of one of these piratical attacks in his journal three days before he first reached the New World, and succeeding travellers have been equally impressed





over a shoal of fish lying close to the surface, picking them out with regular sweeps of their long, hooked bills. I have also watched them chasing and catching flying-fish in the air; and they will scavenge almost any offal that is floating.

When picking up floating refuse the frigate-birds usually swoop down from a height of a hundred feet or more, flattening out at the last minute by expanding their great tails. Normally their flight, which is quite unlike that of any other tropical group, is a prolonged, seemingly effortless gliding. For hours they idle gently up and down a short stretch of coast, playing each gust and current of the wind to perfection. At these times the wings are held slightly flexed and motionless, the only movement coming from the tail, which is opened and closed in response to the changing pressures of the air.

There are five species of frigate-bird, spread over the smaller tropical islands round the world. All are very similar in form and habits, differing slightly in size and plumage. The general coloration is black, with a blue-green or purplish metallic sheen on the feathers of the head and shoulders. There is generally a dark-brown or paler bar on the wings, and a varying amount of white on the breast or belly, the extent of the latter depending on the sex and species of the bird. The males, as a general rule, are darker than the females. In all cases the juveniles have white or pale rufous heads. Wherever possible the frigate-birds breed in tall trees or in pemphis bushes. They are naturally gregarious, and, when they can, form large colonies. The female lays a single egg, which takes about seven weeks to hatch. The newly emerged chick, as amongst the boobies, is naked, but soon grows a fine covering of down. There is, however, a difference in their development in that the first feathers to appear are over the back and shoulders, and they thrust through at an earlier age, arriving with the down itself. The young bird is ready to fly after about five months, but is seldom in any hurry to do so.

The most interesting detail in the breeding cycle is the courtship. During the mating season, the males develop a large, bright red pouch in the gular area, connected with the tracheal system. Normally it hangs in short, wrinkled, wattle-like folds; but when the cock wishes to attract the attention of a female he inflates it with air, so that it bulges on the front of his neck like a great vermilion balloon. At the same time he half opens his wings, throws back his head and gives out a long, clamouring cry, the note varying with the species.

The tropic (or *bos'n*) birds are distinctive in form, being fairly thick-set, with long wings, short legs, straight heavy bills and elongated tails. They also differ to a certain extent in their habits. The boobies, and even more the frigate-birds, are seldom met at great distances from land. Two hundred miles is generally accepted as the extreme limit for the latter, in spite of their magnificent wings. The tropic-birds, on the other hand, range more freely and may be met almost anywhere within the tropical zones. In the Atlantic they have been recorded half way between Bermuda and the Cape Verde Islands, over a thousand miles from the nearest land, and I have seen them equally far out in the western Indian Ocean.

The tropic-birds also differ from the boobies and frigate-birds, and, indeed, most other tropical sea-birds, in that they are not truly gregarious. They breed on small, rocky islands and on a number of atolls. Frequently, a relative shortage of suitable sites forces their nests into a certain proximity to each other, but they are by no means sociable birds.

These birds feed on fish and small cephalopods, which, like the boobies, they obtain by diving from the air. Usually, they drop from a height of fifty feet or more, plunging straight down, with wings half-closed, in a nearly vertical spiral. They spend little time under the water and frequently reappear almost before the splash has fully died, climbing back into the air again almost immediately.

There are three species of tropic-birds, falling into two groups. The isolated bird is the Red-tailed Tropic-bird, which is widely distributed through the Pacific and Indian Oceans. In general colour, except for a jet-black bar on the wings and a crescent over the eye, it is a beautiful satiny white, with a faint rose bloom. It differs from the other two species, amongst other points, in the form of its tail. The two elongated centre feathers, which characterize the genus, are very narrow, and deep red with a black shaft. In the other two kinds, the Red-billed Tropic-bird and the White-tailed Tropic-bird, the two feathers are broader and the same colour as the rest of the plumage.

The tropic-birds lay one egg, generally on the bare soil of a rocky ledge or under the shelter of a shrub. It hatches after about five weeks, the newly emerged chick being entirely covered with long, fine down. The chick develops fairly rapidly and is usually ready to fly by the eleventh week, but it seldom leaves its nest for another month or two. So long as the parents continue to bring food, it stays there, growing fatter and more bad-tempered daily.